

LIVE

THE THE JEAN PAUL SATRE Logan Campbell Centre, July 31

The unadvertised arrival of the JPS Experience on stage was as pleasant a surprise as their removal half an hour later was distressing. Anyone who abandoned them after 1987's woefully insubstantial *Love Songs* LP would be well advised to see them again at the next opportunity. Your prejudices will disappear before your ears. The draconian pop sensibilities that once stifled the band's creativity have disappeared. The songs are now long and slow, creating in the space of minutes the kind of shimmering aural sprawl that many bands labour over for whole albums. The guitar parts are all fluidity and lateral movement, the bass and drums emphatic rather than dictatorial. It's perhaps significant that 'Flex' from the band's first EP fits in with the new material as easily as if it was written yesterday.

The The, on the other hand, obviously never intended to surprise. They sounded just like the records, only louder. In the cases of 'This Is The Day', 'Heartland' and a few others this meant that their sound was a huge scale exercise in the Sparkle every pure pop band wishes would shine on them, a virtual manifesto of swooping melodies and swooning chords.

Unfortunately these moments of brilliance (in the most literal sense of the word) were all too rare. For the most of the set the dominant sensations were the headache a-go-go 4/4 crash of the enormous drumkit and the desire to run a long way from the sequencer - keyboard interface, the sound of which



Nat Adderley, Montmatre.

I can only describe as "glutinous". Matt Johnson missed his opportunity to convert the youth of Auckland to revolutionary socialism as there was so much reverb and delay on the vocals that it was impossible to distinguish one word from the next, let alone make out whole sentences.

Johnny Marr, probably the main reason most of the audience were present, never really got the chance to dazzle, or even, in many songs, to be heard. Call me old-fashioned, as Dame Edna would say, but it seemed a little strange to me to see the man responsible for the *frisson* of Rickenbacker whimsy that was 'This Charming Man' waving his fist in the air and snarling "Islam is rising."

All things considered, The The made a perfectly adequate support act for JPS. It's just a pity they played after them and for twice as long.
MATTHEW HYLAND

NAT ADDERLEY Club Montmatre, July 27

The Adderley brothers Cannonball and Nat are etched firmly in the minds of most jazz fans. After the death of Cannonball in 1975, Nat had to carry on the legacy of funky jazz and blues alone, so it was great to see a player of that calibre performing in New Zealand.

The opening set of the Murray McNab Trio gave the audience some excellent music to warm to. Bassist Kevin Haines played some wonderful lines behind Adderley, and drummer Frank Gibson rose to the occasion by playing with a driving swing reminiscent of the Cannonball's group.

Adderley's cornet playing since performing in his brother's band during the 50s and 60s has changed little. He played short phrases which noodled their way through standards like 'Seven Steps To Heaven', 'Autumn Leaves' and 'You Don't Know What Love Is', staying mostly in the middle or lower registers. The few times he attempted the upper registers, the notes simply didn't appear.

One surprise of the evening was an unscheduled appearance of a hippy flute player who rose out of the packed and smokey audience to join the band in a funky original called 'Miss Sally's Song'. Tenor saxophonist Brian Smith let out an apprehensive "Hey man!" but Adderley raised his hand and let him continue. At the song's end, Adderley exclaimed "This is a unique place!", adding that everyone should be given a chance to express themselves — once.

But the most popular number was 'Adderley's Worksong', which became a standard when immortalised by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. Alpert's version sold 1.5 million copies, whereas the original by Adderley sold 10,000 —

still a good figure for a jazz album. "It's the favourite blues I wrote," he said, "but I love it even more when the royalties come in."

Overall the concert was a success, and the little club was packed with appreciative people and good atmosphere. It goes to show there is an audience for jazz names in this country, so let's get some more out here.
NATHAN HAINES

Tapes

Various Artists Yo! Part 2 (WEA / Tape Only)

The liner notes read "it's a funky job but someone's gotta do it" — and thankfully the dudes from Club Roma, Mark Phillips and Peter Ulrich have cared enough to compile another cassette of import dance tracks from the WEA catalogue. Best mixes here are Rick James 'Sexual Luv Affair', Levert 'Pull Over', Shinehead 'Gimme No Crack' and Marley Marl 'The Symphony'. (Note the Marley Marl sample is from Otis Redding's 'Hard to Handle'.) All these mixes are remarkably superior to the artist's album versions. Nowadays buying a funk / dance album can be like buying the demos.

Initially I was a bit perturbed by the bizarre inclusion of tracks by veteran soulman Clarence Carter and English wimps Depeche Mode but now they seem to fit the groove on Side 2 of *Yo! Part 2*. And as the cover notes say "thank you to Suzanne for looking so fly."
MURRAY CAMMICK

BOOK OF MARTYRS Catharsis (Bomb)

The Book of Martyrs are part of a growing new wave of alternative New Zealand music that includes the Headless Chickens, Drone, SPUD and the Cuban War Poets — bands that aren't from Dunedin, don't have jangly guitars (sorry Chris Knox) and yet are completely original, have a distinctly New Zealand sound, and produce the best music this side of Stunn Records.

Catharsis, the Book of Martyrs' first release, utilises their unique lineup of bass, cello, drums and vocals to excellent effect. Innovative, enthralling and brilliant are three words that spring to mind when dealing with this cassette, and without exception all the songs presented here are excellent: so much so that it is impossible to highlight any as being better than the others. I must have listened to this tape 20 times, and this is only the second day I've had it; at a mere \$10 (including P&P, from 188 Basily Rd, Rotorua), I recommend it as a must-buy for all music addicts.

Come on Flying Nun (or somebody), smell the coffee and sign a few more of these bands so that we can hear them on CD and vinyl instead of these rickety old cassettes...

THE TREES Japanese Pictures (Dental)

The Trees are certainly as good as anything that's been in the Top Ten in the last six months, but given the past history of other NZ non-alternative "radio-type"

bands, it would probably be a miracle for them to get airplay even once.

Charismatic front man Martin Forrest (no pun intended I hope) seems to have his song-smithery down to a fine art and has knack for the catchy hook — hooks (particularly on 'Firelight' and 'Loneliest Man') that have me humming his songs after only one hearing. Still, there is room here for more innovation than he lets himself get away with, particularly in the lyrics.

Japanese Pictures is available by sending \$11 to the Trees, 68 Henderson St, Whakatane.

HANGING TREE Rope Burn (Hanging Tree)

Hanging Tree are a band from Hawkes Bay who modestly describe themselves as "about to become the biggest cult band in NZ" and "better than the Headless Chickens."

I think not. Although they do break out of the pub-band mold insofar as they don't play a stream of Led Zep covers, they still have a long way to go. Their music seems to be firmly anchored in the early to late 70s mainstream, and is of the ilk generally found on the West Auckland pub circuit (ie they just sound like they're playing Led Zep).

Perhaps their exposure to other bands outside Hawkes Bay would enlarge their musical horizons and subdue their musical ego.

(*Rope Burn* is \$10 from 25 Hinton Rd, Taradale, Napier.)

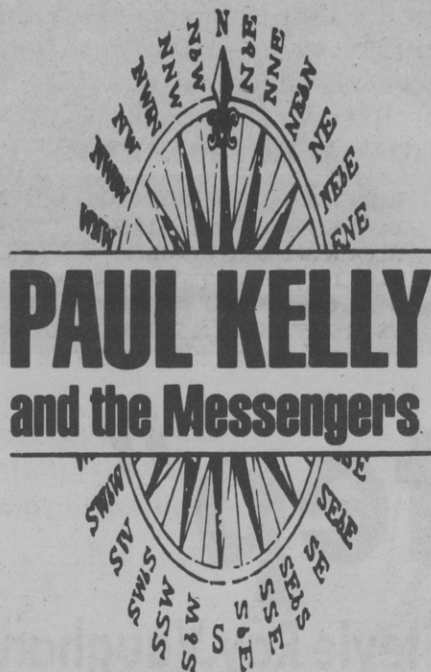
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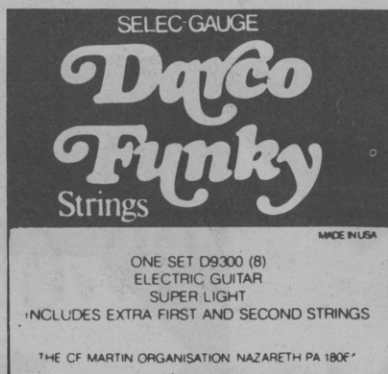
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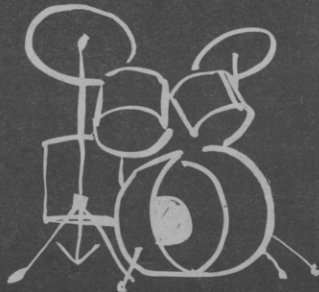
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